BETTER THAN TARZAN OF THE APES!

THE CAVE GIRL A Thrilling Story of Wild Love in the Jungle

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

(Author of "Tarsan of the Apes"). CHAPTER I.

Flotsam. dim shadow of the thing was but a blur against the dim shadows of the wood behind it.

The young man could distinguish no outline that might mark the presence of either brute or human. He could see no eyes, yet he knew that somewhere from out of

that noiseless mass stealthy eyes were fixed upon him. This was the fourth time that the thing had crept from out the wood as darkness was settling-the fourth time during those three horrible weeks since he

had been cast upon that lonely shore that he had watched, terror-stricken, while night engulfed the shadowy form that lurked at the forest's edge.

It had never attacked him, but to his distorted imagination it seemed to closer and closer as night fell-waiting, always waiting for the moment that it might find him unprepared.

Waldo Emerson Smith-Jones was not overly courageous. He had been reared among surroundings of culture plus and ultra-intellectuality in the



CIUDDENLY Waldo became conscious from the corner of his eye that something was creeping upon him from behind out of the dark care before which he had fought. Simultaneously with the realization of it he swung his cudgel in a wicked blow at this new enemy as he turned to meet it.

The creature dodged back and the blow that would have crushed its skull grazed a hairbreadth from its face.

Waldo struck no second blow and the cold sweat sprang to his forehead when he realized how nearly he had come to murdering a young girl. She crouched now in the mouth of the cave, eyeing him fearfully. Waldo removed his tattered cap, bowing low. "I crave your pardon," he said. "I had no idea that there was a lady here. I am very glad that I did not injure you."

There must have been something either in his tone or manner that reassured her, for she smiled and came out upon the ledge beside him.

